

THE METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY 1840.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Real and the Ideal, or Illustrations of Travel. In Two Volumes.

This is a book of travels written on rather a novel plan. Vallery, the accomplished French traveller, in his preface to his travels, historical and literary, in Italy, uses these words—"The reader will be able to escape that nomenclature of pictures and statues, a sort of recitative that I have on all occasions tried to animate by some traits taken from the life of the artist, and the anecdotal history of art." Our English author has attempted to follow the same idea, extending it, however, to other descriptions of objects besides those of the arts; and his execution is, upon the whole, very happy. In the course of his tour in Italy, he does not, for example, go systematically to work with an account of all the lions of all the towns and cities he enters; but he takes up some striking position, whence to catch, as it were, a bird's eye view of the whole; and he throws historical, poetical, and other recollections around his objects, to increase their beauty and magnify their proportions. There is a little juvenility of enthusiasm and exaggeration, but in the main his pictures are correct, and his remarks judicious as well as original. His feeling in art seems to be pure and high, and his acquaintance with Italian literature intimate. And what we particularly esteem in him is an ample and all-embracing spirit of toleration. He is perfectly right! We have all in our turn been persecutors; and if Protestants have not burned so many victims at the stake as the Catholics have done, it has been because Protestantism did not exist in the more barbarous ages, and only started when mankind had made vast advances in civilisation and humanity.

"Have we not, as Christians, one sect against the other, multiplied martyrdoms without end, always ready to take the consequences? Arians, Socinians, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Lutherans, Calvinists,
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and too many others, founders or followers, can they wash their hands clear of murder? By the judgment of each other, all are equally guilty of innocent blood, all are stained with the commission of crimes, the violation of life by death, imprisonment, or refusal of natural rights—culprits all, might we not embrace, ask pardon, and extend mercy to each other, instead of quarrelling here, and preparing to face each other as common accusers before the Most High? Michael Angelo, in his *Judgment*, has painted the apostles with emblems of martyrdom, rising to heaven; after their admission it would more than puzzle any artist, or St. Peter, to decide upon the claims of others to the distinction; as every opinion, and its reverse, has had its cloud of witnesses, which would form a chaos of confusion before any tribunal.”

Our author makes his longest stays at Florence and Rome, those two inexhaustible mines of the richest of ores. But leaving palaces and churches, pictures and statues, we will try and select a few of his more original and out-of-the-way passages, which we trust will give a favourable notion of his two volumes.

“Would Dante be better pleased, if he were present, to see the emperor in possession? What a violent party spirit the Italians entertained, which made Dante use such rancorous language towards his native state, and towards all other individuals and people who differed from him! The removal of one evil, the union of the spiritual power of the pope with the temporal, caused the poet to persevere in the promotion of an equal or greater mischief, the absolute empire of a foreign potentate. The leaders, cheating the calculations of both parties, Guelph and Ghibellin, have shared between them, what their followers would have given wholly to either.

“Historians and antiquarians are divided about the derivation of the Guelph and Ghibellin. Is the former only prophetic of the reigning family in England, which, like the latter, should come from Germany; and like it in the temporal, should place itself in the spiritual room of the pope, the chief of the party, and assume his title of the head of the church?”

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 “Verona may glory in the patronage of poets; but, Scala, who entertained them, has more reason to be proud of his buffoon, who alone would follow his master to the dreary prisons of Venice, when probably the poets and princes of the courts retired; they swim with the tide of fortune, and seldom join its ebb. This makes Lear and his fool so much the more matter of fact; and Shakspeare may have adopted this idea from the history of a place whence he took two plays; and to have given the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, is enough to have ennobled Verona,—an acquisition of immortality which their party feuds obtained, and did not deserve.”

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 “Arqua, Avignon, Vacluse!—how every spot is chronicled where thou hast been, and whatever thy poetry hast immortalized; whilst thy Laura is unknown, not a ‘local habitation or a name’ to her, thy love left an enigma, where she was, and who she was; and whether only an idealisation. It was the custom with the Italian and early poets, to have each their love; it arose from the chivalrous and troubadour spirit of the times, which devoted the sword or the pen to the glory of some beauty. Dante had his Beatrice; Boccaccio his Fiammetta; Ceno de Pistoia his Selvaggia; Vicinis and Landini called their works after their mistresses, Flametta and Xandria; Tasso his Leonora d’Este. They were mere

types to the author of *Jerusalem Delivered* who had the misfortune to be the material impersonation to the conclave of spiritual predecessors. They complained of the imprisonment of the heart, whilst he ended the poetry of Italy, and the real or affected devotion to the fair sex, by the consequent incarceration of his person in a dungeon—illustrative of the gentler spirit of the middle ages, and the brutality of the modern; the reign of free states, and the insolence of sovereignty. Such was the complexion of the age, though it might not always agree with the character of individuals. Many were priests, or held church preferment, like Petrarch and Ariosto; which, nevertheless, did not prevent their paying sexual homage elsewhere, and having less poetical and platonic offspring than verses and eternal fidelity."

In what immediately follows this last extract, our author is somewhat too severe upon Petrarch, and incorrect in his facts.

At Ferrara, our traveller does not fail to visit the cell in which the great epic poet of modern Italy was confined for years as a madman.

"People will not believe a place so small could be Tasso's prison; but Louis XII. retained Sforza of Milan ten years in an iron cage, refused to him the consolation in vain demanded, of having books, or the means to write in his solitude, and left him to die in despair, without any distraction or any mental comfort. When a sovereign prince was so treated, need we be astonished at the size of a poet's dungeon, or the conduct to him in his captivity? But lately, how severe was the confinement of madmen, as even now may be seen in the lunatic asylum at Cairo, where they have not the room of animals in our menageries. Next to the hospital is a palace, the most conspicuous in the street, the residence of an ancient family, the head of which is a poet and exile of the present day. The faculty of genius, and the penalty of its exercise, seeming thereby contagious. On the doors of many houses are ornamental bronze knockers, the remains of the greatness of Ferrara; as if these boasters in cannon had delighted in sound, and the use of domestic artillery; amidst the grass-grown deserted streets, conveying a strange reminiscence of the former brilliant society which frequented them.

"Ferrara was the first city that surrendered its right to an individual; and for its size has been rewarded by more of kingly glory than any other—to wit, extravagant spectacles and fortifications, the patronage of, and tyranny over literature in Ariosto, Tasso; a female monster and notoriety of crime in Lucrece Borgia; and this absolute government of one was purchased by the banishment and the confiscation of the property of fifteen hundred families.

"Ravenna contains the flower and seed of many revolutions in Italy; there was the last corner and refuse of the ancient Roman empire; there, the example of its subjection to the Greeks and the West, and its barbaric and northern subjugation to the Goth Theodoric, who aimed at a restoration of antiquity, and gave the first specimen of the architecture which has received the name of his nation; there, of the revival of learning, and the date of Italian literature, in Dante."

We recommend what follows to the learned author of *Sartor Resartus*:—

"Clothes being given to us as a mark of depravity, the use of them becomes an index to sin. It is known the passions are appealed to more by the mysteries of dress, than they are by the reality or representation of the naked figure. The most voluptuous nations clothe their women

from head to foot. What less refined nations have done externally, we, who claim superiority in civilisation, have endeavoured to attain spiritually; we have given the envelopement of sentiment to the sex. The progress which this art has made may be seen, not only in the difference between the manners of the ancients and moderns, but in the thought, expression, and habits of the age of Elizabeth, and those of our own times. The Americans have pushed this disposition of their fathers to a nicety which excites even our ridicule; nevertheless, all these artificial observances bear the character of sin, exhibit a want of innocence, and there have been philosophers who have termed them the refinements of voluptuousness. Our very modern fastidiousness is not confined to the above, but is perceivable in other respects; the present feelings of people are shocked at the intermixture of sacred and profane, though when all Christianity was of one faith, and there were no open disbelievers, no objection was felt by the pious to the commonest use of divine subjects, in ordinary intercourse, speech, writing, or representation. Not only Roman Catholics, but all the first reformers, afford examples; a poet, the precursor of Ariosto, introduces every canto with a parody of scripture; the mysteries were spectacles; and biblical history, to suit the minds of the vulgar, was fashioned to farce. Luther prided himself on making most familiar application of religion; and our preachers, from the pulpits of reformation, interlarded their discourses with jokes, puns, and trivial allusions. These are few where instances are universal; and certainly our nicety in religion has marked its decline, if our respect to decency of person does not show its absence in our minds.

"If undressed statues are judged unbecoming, the objection must lie principally against the Venus Anaidomenes, who are made conscious of their own impropriety; yet spectators of both sexes will long regard the Venus di Medicis in the Tribune, though they will shun the more vulgar innocents, ignorant of their situation in other places.

"It is curious that it has been objected to our National Gallery, that in comparison with those on the continent, it possesses the most unbecoming collection of pictures in Europe. Though we object to the leading sentiment of the statue, as a departure from the sublime and the ideal, yet the attitude and countenance, it is almost needless to repeat, are all majesty, and take away from the meanness of the incident. When we compare her with the two sister Venuses on canvass, hung on the walls of the Tribune, we must feel not only what Waagen says, that 'it requires a much more refined and elevated taste to enjoy a work of sculpture than of painting,' but also that the idea of the artist must be of that original purity to make it become the same in the mind of the spectator."

Italy is the proper place to speak of, and to judge of Horace, a taste for whom has, indeed, in too many cases been spoilt by his words "being too pungently and frequently illustrated by the rod." We will quote a few of our author's running comments on the great lyrist—but before doing this, we must take the liberty of correcting a little error which he has fallen into. He says he does not think that there are any bears in Italy now. We can assure him that bears, wild and rampant—genuine *feræ*, that have never known the muzzle, or been taught to dance, are by no means unfrequent in the loftiest mountains of the Abruzzi. They are not quite so big, or so fierce, as the grizzly or the great brown bear; but they are of a good size, nevertheless, and not pleasant to meet without fire-arms. And if Horace were again in the flesh, he might possibly encounter a native bear just at the spot where he met one eighteen centuries and a half ago.

“ We confess from the poet’s own account of his days in Rome, we should be inclined to coincide in the belief of some of his critics, that he was a hungry one of Grub Street in the employment of his pen ; such a way of passing his time, as he describes, would certainly class him amongst the shabby genteel ; he would be considered an adventurer in modern capitals ; he takes his walk always by himself, unless afflicted by the importunities of some companion in misfortune, eying the good things in the market as if he could not buy them, amusing himself with the gratis exhibitions of the highways, ‘ the divines.’ Could he not afford a seat in the theatre ? But we need not be surprised when Mr. Tate him makes per force bathe in the Tiber ; surely the public baths at Rome, like those in eastern cities, were open to the poorest ; and could not Horace afford to go with the Stoic he laughed at to the farthing wash ? He had reason to sing, ‘ to admire nothing is almost the only thing which can make and keep a man happy.’ His spare vegetable diet makes us pity the poet, the patronized of the emperor of the universe, and of Mæcenas, the minister who gained in the exercise of his liberality so much glory, that he has given his name to all other imitators of his generosity. Horace makes us acquainted with the fact that he did eat roast meat, thrushes for dinner, which those who have travelled in Italy know are good eating, when he accompanied the plenipotentiary to Brundisium—which journey, by the way, we think gives the clearest index to the character of Horace and his times.

“ This journey does not seem to us a happy event in Horace’s life ; it was probably the smallness of his means, as much as anything, kept Horace to his Sabine farm, with his plain longings for the capital. ‘ At Rome you wish for the country ; a fickle countryman you extol the absent city to the stars.’ From his villa at Tivoli, he could see the imperial city, and we can fancy his eye and mind must have wandered, as his poetry does, between the contemplation of the town and country ; and he could only manage the former well when invited as a guest of Mæcenas to Rome. He says, in one of his epistles, ‘ If you would serve your friends, and treat yourself a little more indulgently, poor, you must go to the rich man.’ ‘ If Aristippus could contentedly dine on vegetables, he would not attend the great. If he who blames me (this is given as a speech of the above philosopher) knew how to live with the great, he would scorn vegetables.’ Then Horace proceeds to say, ‘ Aristippus’s is the better opinion,’ showing that he approved of his words and conduct by acting upon them when he had the opportunity. We do not know how Horace was treated, and where seated when asked to supper at his master’s table ; but we may infer from the details of this journey, that it was the lowest place he held in the estimation of his patron ; and, therefore, on the cubiculum, which we know tapered off at the bottom with the meanest and most subservient satellites of power or riches. We should think, like angels’ visits, these occasions, too, were but few and far between, when Mæcenas allowed the poet to linger on in the sickness of hope deferred, nine months after his first interview with the minister, which we do not think was very charitable when the interests of a poor man were concerned ; and the worse when a Horace was a petitioner to a Mæcenas. When they became more intimate it was but a sorry kind of familiarity, vouchsafed to the inferior ; an invitation, at the last moment, to supply the place of some failing guest. ‘ Should Mæcenas bid you come to him a late guest, just before the lighting of the lamps, you clatter with a great noise ; and this anxiety to obey seems the solicitude of a slave. ‘ Will no one bring the oil quicker ? Doth anybody hear, and you rage ?’

“ This seems to have become a subject of public observation, and he allows, impertinent people cried out, when he was struggling in the crowd, ‘ What would you, madman ? and what are you doing ? you jostle all in

your way, if you are running to Mæcenas.' But, says the poet, 'this pleases, and is as honey to me; I will not lie.' A part of the 5th satire of Juvenal is very apposite to our illustration of Horace's journey, and seems a satire on the words of the poet we have just quoted.

" ' If, after two long months, he condescends
To waste a thought upon a humble friend,
Reminded by a vacant seat, and write,
' You, Master Trebius, sup with me to-night,'
'Tis rapture all! Go now, supremely blest,
Enjoy the meed, for which you broke your rest;
And loose and slipshod, run, your vows to pay,
What time the fading stars announced the day."

" Nor does being picked up in the street by Mæcenas, and carried away on his business, and asked trifling questions to pass the time on the way, 'a friend as far as this, 'What is o'clock,' &c., appear filling a very honourable situation beside a superior."

" About to herd with diplomatists, he adopts their cautiousness of character, and rather mournfully and abruptly tells us, 'having left the great Rome, a bad inn at Aricia received him;' as if to contrast the miserable place with the seat of empire which he had quitted. It is not extraordinary, an invalid, fed on vegetable diet, and reduced to walk the first fourteen miles of a long journey, the reward of poetic merit, was not in sufficient good humour to tell us anything of the road. Perhaps his temper was ruffled by meeting with Menas, his enmity to whom, he says, resembled that which is naturally allotted to wolves and lambs; perhaps he that day met him 'strutting along the sacred way with a robe of thrice three ells;' and then the purse-proud liberated convict might have passed him, 'wearing the Appian road with his horses.' Where was the animal he speaks of in the succeeding satire, addressed to Mæcenas? Were those better times to come? or had he come to worse? that he was obliged to walk, and go in a common boat to Terracina, when he says, 'Now I can go on my bob-tail mule, even, if I please, to Tarentum.' There are no contadini now who would not go in a carriage between Rome and Albano. Were there no veturinos then plying for small fares?—were there no friends passing in their private vehicles? We are afraid the poet and his companion, the wisest man of Greece, could not afford the expense at first starting; he let us know, elsewhere, his modes of conveyance, bad as they were; but at the commencement he will not be on such an understanding with his readers, as to state he was obliged to go on foot. There was in the Forum the miliarium aureum, a golden pillar, showing the distance to all parts of the empire; as much as to say, the centre of all wealth was in Rome, and elsewhere was centrifugal poverty and misery. We are afraid this was the case with Horace, and if he had any money it was of base metal; for if he had gold he might have been robbed, as was the friend of Cicero; or another Clodius, he might meet with his Milo, was there any cause of grudge against the poet; and perhaps the conscience of the satirist was not quite free from fear on this score, if he went with any more pretending equipage than his legs. The tombs and the cypresses would not be very pleasant ideas to modern travellers; and at night indeed the ancients seem, in such situations, to have been affected by prejudices of fancy similar to our own.

' A raw-boned Moor,
Whose hideous form the stoutest would affray,
If met by moonlight near the Latian way.'

" This was the great road of pleasure to Baiae, which might bring the fashionables of Rome very soon back to where they set off from, and hasten their return to their long home—curious leaving their tombs and

vaults at Rome, they would be going to their underground houses at Baia. Horace therefore might have had reason to envy many a better-mounted exquisite, spite of his own moderate wishes; and passing such mausoleums as Cecilia Metella's, he might very probably lament the injudicious disposal of wealth on the dead, when it might have afforded the living at least a better road, which, if Horace did not mean to say it, Addison, with others, translates to have been a bad one. The republic of Rome could not boast what has been mentioned as a sign amongst us of the government of the people, convenience for foot passengers. Nor were the historical recollections very pleasant, as he got wearied, and farther on his road, thinking, no doubt, of comfortable quarters, and a good reception at the end of it; a monument to the combat he would shudder to recollect of his namesakes the Horatii and the Curiatii; the kind welcome of a sister after a combat, and the equally savage conduct of a brother. He might at least thank heaven he had no children, and he had run away himself in good earnest from the field of battle, a fact the first of the kind which had probably occurred in a family which did not add much to its credit for bravery in its adoption of him; and the line of the illustrious ending in him, well marked the degeneracy of Rome, and the change of the free into the freedman. The reviewer in the *Quarterly*, however, backs the bard for courage; but we think, when the war broke out between Augustus and Anthony, and there was a question of his accompanying Mæcenas to it; the fear of going produced the angry and vexed effusions of the pen, (the reviewer observes,) mark the period of apprehension, and the wild pæans of triumph, which finished his fright. Though he might be afraid to meddle with politics, yet he could not help thinking of them when he saw Pompey's ashes, and that he would not perhaps have had to walk if the side he espoused had been successful; and there was in view Tusculum with its questions, to teach these heroes how to die, though Horace would not, and Cicero did not much like, though he had to stretch his neck to the executioner a little while after, and not much further on the road. These discourses, therefore, had all the solemnity attached to them of last dying speeches and confessions, though not all the immediate interest of Plato's Phædo. With regard to the general opinion of his political behaviour, we do think, in point of time, before he had published any poetry, he was rather hasty in making his peace with the party in power; and his manner 'singultim,' sobbing, and scarcely able to say a word, though crying was a trick of Roman oratory, gives but a mean idea to a modern of his appearance, in his first interview with Mæcenas.

"But there was another pleasant recollection of Tusculum in his poetry—he calls it always the city of the parricide Telegonus, and he and the other poets mark many places by the notoriety of some crime attaching to them; a pictorial and poetical tour to them being such as we should extract from the Newgate calendar, celebrating such localities as Tyburn turnpike, as no doubt the romance of Sydney, in New South Wales, will be the recollection of the crimes of their convict ancestors. During the ascent of a long hill to the town of Aricia, you were then assailed by beggars, as you are now in this and in other Italian roads, particularly on the approach to cities; and this being the route of the rich to Baia, must have held out superior prospects of gain to the poor. The impositions of priests were also exercised, as here was the fane of Diana, the office of priest to whose altar was held by the assassin of his predecessor, instituted in honour of Romulus, who killed his brother Remus; and the religious of Rome, who were proud of such a respectable founder, came down to pay their devotions at the shrine—an institution worthy of a nation who dated their history from thieves and assassins, and very typical of the succession to power in the contention of parties during the

republic, and to the empire in the persons of the monsters who put each other to death. The society of the road would afford many candidates to the honour of the priesthood, and it was a politic place, and scheme of refuge, which gave the means of grace, and the way of extinction, and turned the hands of robbers and beggars against themselves. But Horace was too poor to be molested by the importunities of beggars or priests, and we know he did not like the last. The poet might growl over his first day's journey, leaving the splendour of the golden pillar behind him, the porticos and baths of Rome, and after walking fourteen miles putting up at a 'very bad inn.' Generally speaking, it seems the humour of Horace to wish to appear content, if he betrays secret repinings; but this dissatisfaction outright, without any accompanying expression of pleasure, is a monument *à perennius* of spleen, and seems to have had an immediate effect on his health and spirits, which lasted the whole excursion. Probably Horace could only afford the worst accommodation; surely one would think there were good houses of entertainment so near Rome, and on the way to *Baiæ*; but we are afraid it was only the scum of the population went to inns—that travelling was then, as now in the east, where a man takes his household with him, and the *caravanserais* are for the poor; or as the cardinals, and rich of Italy are described in the middle ages, accompanied by a suite of attendants, carrying all necessaries with them. We find that Horace, when he joined his betters, talked no more of inns; he went to private houses, and lived on the public purse; but when Horace met no friend on the road to give him a lift, or assist him with his equipment, we are afraid he was below the regard of all who considered themselves respectable people. Mr. Eustace talks about hospitality supplying the place of inns, and letters of recommendation. *Mæcenas* and the emperor did not provide him with them, or even billet him on their own houses; they and the aristocracy were ashamed of their footpadding poet. Does Horace mention the residence of an acquaintance or friend?—certainly if he knew any one on the road, he did not presume on visiting them; and *Mæcenas* had a villa at *Tusculum*, which, though a little out of the road, might have very well broken the way, and served the purpose of a half-way house. Poor Horace says he was lazy, and divided the journey into two; better walkers, he says, performed the whole distance from Rome to the *Forum Appii* in one day, about twenty-eight miles or more: but we moderns should think fourteen miles not bad pedestrianism for a poet; and we rather feel indignant at the inhumanity which made him, vegetable fed, troubled with indigestion and bad eyes, walk so far; some good-natured critics will have it, the taverns he stopped at delayed him on the road; like the cads we see in the environs perpetually dropping in the houses of call, and taking a drop too much out; though others more temperate translate with Addison, '*Minus est gravis appia tardis*,' a bad road, and less inconvenient when slowly walked over. But if his inn at *Aricia* was bad, we can imagine the fare, and in a warm climate how tenanted; the society at the next was worse, and he could get nothing at all to eat or drink. Certainly the wind was not tempered to the shorn lamb, and he allows that he quite lost his temper, '*non æquo animo*.'"

"The Pontine marshes, *Juvenal* mentions as a place for robbers; but they would let a poor boatful pass as they do now miserable *veturinos*; and a *Virgil* has taken his description of the infernal regions from it, the frogs and the mud, which Horace experienced. Late enough, they got to the end of their voyage, and having washed their hands in ditch-water, or village fountain, they crawled three miles after dinner, to where they expected to meet their *Mæcenas*; but before the best of all men comes, Horace must finish his tale of grievances—that his eyes were so bad, which everybody can imagine who has been exposed all night without a

curtain to the bites of the mosquitos of Italy ; probably he was not shaved—he tells us he had only washed, else he would have felt still more the persecution of these animals, and presented himself a still worse figure to Mæcenas ; but we think during this ‘interea,’ on plea of indisposition, Horace retired, and did not appear before such a dandy as Capito Fontei^{us} factus ad unguem, and he does not tell us he joined them till he came to Fundi.

“ We imagine we have found out a solution to the discomfort of Horace, in this first part of his journey to Brundusium :—we think the poet constantly in his works delicately alluding to his own situation, and therefore stimulating the generosity of his Mæcenas.”

Nina Sforza. A Tragedy. In Five Acts. BY RICHARD ZOUCH S. TROUGHTON.

It seems to us that though far from being perfect as a drama, there is very considerable merit in this tragedy. The blank verse—that most difficult of all verse—is spirited, poetical, and yet colloquial and of the true dialogue kind—at least this is the case in many passages. The blank verse of Shakspeare is perfection itself ; and that of most of the old dramatists is uncommonly fine ; but yet, we confess, we like not the echoes of those verses, the repetitions of those turns and modulations, quaintnesses and jerks, as found in the dramas of Mr. Sheridan Knowles and one or two other writers. They are so like the old, and yet known to be so new ! They have the same effect upon us as a modern antique, a cameo cut in Leicester Square, and palmed upon us as a work of Grecian art. We say this much without any malice or ill will, or the least intention to disparage the good which is in the writings of these dramatists, and in those of Mr. Sheridan Knowles in particular.

In the following scene there is not only what we think the true dramatic tone in the verse and dialogue, but also an exquisite description of a ship at sea, with several delicate little touches besides.

Nina and Brigitta Sforza, at their broidery-frames. Nina sitting at her tambour, but gazing intently out at the window.

Brigitta. How get you on ? Is the rose covered yet ?
'Tis time, I think. Well, Nina ! Dost thou hear ?

Nina. One moment, madam.

Brigitta. What art gazing at,
With such a fix'd attention ?

Nina. 'Tis a bark,
Than which a fairer never dash'd bright gems
Out of the riven bosom of the wave.

Brigitta. I see it not.

Nina. Not see it ! There it flies ;—
There—by the Bucentoro—there—there—oh !
'Tis past an hour !

How she does rise, and sink, and bound, and bow,
And mock the anger of the creaming sea
That fights and yawns for her ! Look how she grasps,
Within the snowy hollow of her wings,

Her other baffled enemy, and makes
 The might, with which he strives to injure her,
 A friendly aid to waft her on her way!
 Well done! Well done! Oh, I do know some things
 That creep the earth, which have less life in them
 Than thou, thou merry ocean traveller!

Brigitta. How now! All this about a casual boat!
 Are they so scarce in Venice?

Nina. No, indeed!
 I have seen boats enough, and little else.

Brigitta. Why single out this one felucca, then?

Nina. I cannot tell. Perhaps it was because,
 As I was sitting prison'd at my frame,
 With wand'ring eyes—and thoughts more wand'ring still—
 Looking upon the bosom of the sea,
 A sloping sunbeam pierced the silv'ry mist
 That clings about the waters, where they kiss
 Th' uncertain rim of yonder sapphire skies,
 And gave it on the sudden to my sight—
 Brightness in shadow, like a smile in grief.
 From then till now, when, with abated speed,
 With sails brail'd up, and taper masts erect,
 It glides into the bay, I've watch'd its course.
 Its coming seem'd to mix up with my thoughts;
 And when I saw it hold its yeasty way,
 Despite impediments, methought it seem'd
 The very type of bounding liberty.
 Fairy-like thing, my spirit yearns to thee!
 I would I knew thy inmates! I am sure
 They must be gentle. Such a slender bark
 Bears not the sunburn'd fisher to his prey.

Brigitta. Nina!

Nina. Madam.

Brigitta. Come from the window sill.
 Look in my face. You're strangely alter'd, girl,
 In the last year.

Nina. There is no help for that,
 One must grow, madam. Did you hope these walls—
 They're sad enough, 'tis true—your bolts, your bars,
 Would keep out nature? One must grow, good aunt.

Brigitta. I meant, girl, in your haviour, not your form.

Nina. What have I done?

Brigitta. Why nothing; nothing *done*,
 But you, that were so gentle, so reserv'd,
 And to my bidding so conformable,
 Are now grown restless and dissatisfied;
 Evermore teasing for indulgences
 You know I may not grant.

Nina. That's nature too.

Brigitta. How so?

Nina. You're wrong, indeed—indeed you are;
 You and my cold, stern father, both are wrong.
 You treat me like a child, which I am not,
 Lest I should prove a wanton, which I'm not.
 But 'twill not do! No, no, be sure of it:
 For should you mew me like a kestrel hawk;
 Hoodwink my eyes from daylight; jess my feet;
 You cannot cage the glowing blood of youth,
 Nor blind the thoughts, nor tie the heart's desires!—

Aunt, I am grown a woman, and my sense
Rebels against this bondage.

Brigitta. This is rare !
What, you'd be free to jostle in the squares !—
The public gardens ! Sit at balconies,
To pelt each am'rous, paper-faced gallant
With candied raisins, would ye ?—Yes ! you'd have
Your velvet-coated gondolieri, too,
To skim ye up and down the swarm'd canals
At carnivals ; to make your froward face
As common as the columns ? Yes ! you'd have,
As you float past, each ragged beggar cry,
"That's Sforza's mettled daughter, she who leads
When the doge weds the ocean, and at all
The public ceremonials !"—You would be
The talk of Venice, mistress, would you not ?

Nina. I ask for liberty, not licence, madam.

Brigitta. No doubt, no doubt !—Oh, you'd be wond'rous sage !
Come now ; let's hear. Suppose that you were free
To have your will ; what were your first desire ?

Nina. To see the world, whereof, there's something here
Informs me, I am part.

Brigitta. And what to seek ?

Nina. Something to love !

Brigitta. Heyday ! This mends apace !
What ! there is nothing then to love at home ?
Your father, girl, is nothing ? Nor your aunt ?

Nina. Oh ! yes, believe me, there you do me wrong.
For all his sternness, ne'er did maiden love
Her father more devotedly than I.
Nor is my auntie little in my thoughts,
And that she knows, although 'tis now her cue
To seem to doubt. But for all that, my heart
Is not used up ; there still is room in it
For many likings and for *one* more love !
Ah me ! I would not use the merest brute
As I am used ! Look here. Without the sash
I've hung my golden warbler where the sun
May fall upon his plumage, scarce less bright !—
Can the lips sing and yet the heart be sad ?
I cannot sing of late. If I begin,
I fall a weeping. He will pipe all day :
He could not do this were he not content.

Brigitta. And yet he is a prisoner.

Nina. No so, aunt !
He, like his mistress, was to bondage born ;
But, there unlike, with no informing mind
To whisper morning, ev'ning, noon, and night,
How sweet's the breath that's drawn in liberty !
Yet what he could not feel, I for him felt.
'Tis not long since that I withdrew his wires,
Set wide the door and gave him to the air.
But he, not finding any of his kind,
Being unused to space, and much too fine
To pick a scanty meal of casual fare,
Remember'd how his mistress tended him,
And sought his cage again. And so should I !—
Now do, good madam, prithee let us go
And see if that be really gold or not,

Which looks so like it, on the smooth lagoon
It would not take an hour; what's an hour!

Brigitta.

No!

I cannot—must not.

Nina.

See! There's purple now!

Long waving bands of ever-changing hues

Fret all the waters—oh, let's haste! 'twill fade

Ere we can reach it!

Brigitta.

Should your father know—

Nina. He need not know. He is within—engaged,

Busied with workmen; I have heard their din

The whole day through. Dear aunt—which gondola?

Brigitta. (There's witch'ry in her tongue.) Well, get your veil.

Nina. Thanks! thanks!

Brigitta.

One hour.

Nina.

Not a second more.

Brigitta.

Well! but your veil!

Nina. Oh! mercy! how the sun

Is galloping to rest! Pray let us haste!

Brigitta. Well, but the veil, the veil!

Nina.

I cannot wait,

Gioconda!—here Gioconda!

[*Exit.*

Brigitta [following her.] *Nina!* stay!

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by WILLIAM STANHOPE TAYLOR, Esq., and Captain JOHN HENRY PRINGLE, Executors of his son John Earl of Chatham, and published from the Original Manuscripts in their possession. Vols. III. and IV.

This interesting and important work is now completed. The third and fourth volumes, besides treating of the important affairs which engaged the attention of one of the greatest of our statesmen, and which involved some of the highest interests of the nation, exhibit Chatham, in his pleasant retirement at Hayes, as the kind husband, indulgent father, and social and lively friend. The correspondence extends over the busy period included between the years 1765 and 1778, when the statesman, orator, and (we think we may still add) patriot, closed his labours and his life together in the seventieth year of his age. Besides his own letters and those of his countess, which are nearly everywhere marked with good feeling and rare good sense, the volumes contain numerous letters written by the Irish patriot Flood, the Earl of Shelburne, the Marquis of Granby, General Burgoyne, Sir Andrew Mitchell, the accomplished diplomatist of those days, the Earl of Hertford, the cherished correspondent of Horace Walpole, the Duke of Grafton, King George III., Colonel Barré, James Boswell, for ever famous as the friend of Johnson, Prince Jablonoffski, the Earl of Bristol, William Beckford, Lord Camden, the Honourable Thomas Walpole, the Honourable James Grenville, Sir William Draper, Earl Temple, John Calcraft, the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Richmond, David Garrick, Ge-

neral Carlton, the minister's son, and afterwards a minister as memorable, if not so good, as himself—the *Honourable William Pitt*—Thomas Coutts, the great banker, and other individuals famous in their day. Perhaps the most valuable of all these letters are those written by Chatham himself upon our quarrel with our American possessions, and upon the inevitable consequences of that mad American war, which he wisely but vainly endeavoured to prevent. As early as the 6th of April, 1774, he forebodes that the Americans will resist the arbitrary and vindictive measures of the government, and that the cause will become general on that vast continent. The thought filled his mind with absolute despondency, and—in this no prophet—he foretold that the triumph of America in the assertion of her independence must be nothing less than the ruin of the old mother country. "If this happens," says he, in a letter to the Earl of Shelburne, "England is no more, how big words soever the sovereign, in his parliament of Great Britain, may utter. In this forlorn state of things, your lordship does me too much honour in thinking one man more at Westminster of any consequence. I have too long seen my no-weight, to dream any longer on that subject; nor have I the least ambition left to be talked of any more, in a world I am unable to be of service to. I foresee inextricable confusion, and a temper in the times ripe to embrace destruction."

Well! we are now on the safe side of prophecy, and can talk after the event. The Americans have achieved their independence as they ought, and England stands where she did; or, rather she has advanced to a far more enviable position; and this, too, as we firmly believe, in good part through the trials of that cause which Chatham thought must prove her destruction.

Among the letter-writers whom we have not named in our list, we find the sagacious and astute Benjamin Franklin, and that too as a fervid admirer of the great orator. In a short note, dated Craven Street, January 23, 1775, and addressed to Earl Stanhope, he says, "Doctor Franklin is filled with admiration of that truly great man! He has seen, in the course of life, sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in the present instance he sees both united, and both, as he thinks, in the highest degree possible." Shortly after this, when Lord Chatham, after thinking long and closely upon the subject, had proposed in the House of Lords a plan for healing all differences and restoring peace to the empire, Franklin, being told by Lord Mahon that Chatham was very desirous of seeing him, set out for Hayes. "On Friday, the 27th," says Franklin himself, "I took a postchaise about nine o'clock, and got to Hayes about eleven; *but my attention being engaged in reading a new pamphlet, the postboy drove me a mile or two beyond the gate.* His lordship, being out on an airing in his chariot, had met me, before I reached Hayes, unobserved by me, turned and followed me, and not finding me there, concluded, as he had seen me reading, that I had passed by mistake, and sent a servant after me." This is very characteristic, and, together with what follows, gives one an amiable idea of Chatham's character in private life. He and his family received the printer, the devil, the rebel, as he was held by a large portion of

square-toed, old-fashioned Englishmen, in the most courteous and cordial manner. Franklin dined with them *en famille*, and returned to town in the evening after one of the most interesting conversations that ever occupied the tongues, wits, and hearts of two great men. Unhappily for humanity, their schemes came to nothing—the world was not ripe for so much political wisdom—but that was the fault neither of Chatham nor of Franklin. On the following Sunday his lordship returned the visit in Franklin's somewhat humble lodgings in Craven Street. Republican as he was, and wise as he was, the man that had risen from the condition of a printer's devil was not without a certain vanity and reverence for rank and title. Nay, even Chatham's emblazoned panels and tall footmen made an impression. "He stayed with me," says Franklin, "near two hours, his equipage waiting at my door; and being there while people were coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as at that time was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly any way affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man, on so important a business, flattered not a little my vanity, and the honours of it gave me the more pleasure, as it happened on the very day twelvemonths that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the privy council." Soon after this visit, when that shallow-pated, low-minded profligate, Lord Sandwich, flew out in the House of Lords against Dr. Franklin, Chatham indignantly replied, "That it had been heretofore reckoned his vice not to be apt to take advice; but he made no scruple to declare, that if he were the first minister of this country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs as the gentleman alluded to, and so injuriously reflected on; one, he was pleased to say, whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honour not to the English nation only, but to human nature."

In the correspondence before us many a little state secret is perfectly explained, for the first time, by the highest authorities—by the king, the ministers, and public men engaged in them; and no one will hereafter attempt to write the political history of England in the eighteenth century without constant references to, and frequent citations from, these letters. This assertion will help to recommend them to notice in the proper quarters, and spare us the labour, for which we have neither time nor space, of pointing out *seriatim* these political points. Yet, before we close these volumes, we will try and cull two or three light amusing particulars.

Lord Chatham's partiality to his younger son William, in preference to the very inferior personage that inherited his title and estates, is displayed very frequently. Walter Scott, in his Diary, mentions, under date of the 24th of May 1828, that he had dined at Richmond Park with Lord Sidmouth; and that before dinner his lordship showed him some letters which had passed between his father, Dr. Addington, and the doctor's patient, the great Lord Chatham. Scott, who never forgot anything that had point and character, says, that

Chatham talks of William's imitating him in all he did, and calling for ale because his father was recommended to drink it. "If I should smoke," he says, "William would instantly call for a pipe." At page 184 of the fourth volume, now before us, we find the identical letter alluded to by Scott, and a truly pleasant and amiable one it is.

"THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO DR. ADDINGTON."

"Burton Pynsent, November 23, 1771.

"DEAR SIR,—I embrace with particular pleasure Lady Chatham's deputation, in acknowledging the favour of your very obliging letter to her. A small cold occasions her committing the pen to my hand; which at present seconds well my inclination to take it up, on such an occasion as writing to you. All your friends here, the flock of your care, are truly sensible of the kind attention of the good shepherd. Our dear William has held out well on the whole. Pitt lives much abroad, and grows strong: the hounds and the gun are great delights, without prejudice to literary pursuits. I sometimes follow him after a hare, *longo sed proximus intervallo*. My last fit of the gout left me, as it had visited me, very kindly. I am many hours every day in the field, and as I live like a farmer abroad, I return home and eat like one. I rejoice that parliament meets so late, for if I must go thither I shall be reduced

———"discedere tristem
Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam."

"Your obliging inquiries justify all details about health and regimen. Ale, then, goes on admirably, and agrees perfectly! my reverence for it, too, is increased, having just read, in the manners of our remotest Celtic ancestors, much of its antiquity and invigorating qualities. The boys all long for ale, seeing papa drink it; but we do not try such an experiment. Such is the force of example, that I find I must watch myself in all I do, for fear of misleading: if your friend William saw me smoke, he would certainly call for a pipe.

"After so much of me and mine, it is more than time to express how truly we interest ourselves for you. I hope the returning labours of the winter will not rob you of a little of your summer health. Paper fails, and leaves only room to add, that I am,

"Dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"CHATHAM."

If William Pitt, who is rather incorrectly described and sung as "the pilot that weathered the storm," (seeing that he left us in the worst part of that storm, and almost among the breakers,) abstained from ale in his youth, he certainly did not from wine, the immoderate use of which, in after days, is allowed on all hands to have shortened his life. He probably contracted the vice where thousands had contracted it before, and where thousands have contracted it since—we mean at the University of Cambridge; where, however, if he had obeyed the genius of the place, he must have been an ale bibber and a drinker of malt drinks. He went there young, and his father used to write to him about being "in his cups." In October 1773, the old earl says—"How happy is it that your mamma and I can tell ourselves, there is at Cambridge *one* without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say, this is a man." And the end of this affectionate letter is redolent of punch.

In this same epistle there is a brief reference to a very extraordinary man, Lord Chatham's godson, the present William Beckford, Esq., author of "*Vathek*," and of what we prize still higher, "*A Visit to Alcobaça and Batalha*," and late owner of Fonthill Abbey. "Little Beckford," says the great minister, "was really disappointed at not being in time to see you—a good mark for my young *vivid* friend. He is just as much compounded of the elements of *air* and *fire* as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come and make him perfect.

According to Bishop Tomline, who was then of Pembroke Hall, and one of his tutors, although William Pitt was little more than fourteen years of age when he went to reside at the university, and had laboured under the disadvantage of frequent ill health, the knowledge which he then possessed was very considerable; and, in particular, his proficiency in the learned languages rare for a youth of that age; he read most Latin authors with ease, and could go through six or seven pages of Thucydides almost without a pause. The bishop informs us that it was by Lord Chatham's particular desire that Thucydides was the first Greek book put into his hands at Cambridge. The Rev. Edward Wilson, who was the boy's first tutor at home, says, in 1766, when William was scarcely seven years old, "Three months ago he told me, in a very serious conversation, that he was glad that he was not the eldest son, but that he could serve his country in the House of Commons like his papa." Shortly after his arrival at the university William writes to his father—"Health smiles on my studies, and a college life grows every day more and more agreeable." In the same letter he speaks of Quintilian. It should appear, therefore, that there was something more than mere flattery and partiality of old friends, in the laudations which Mr. Matthias, the Marquis of Wellesley, and Mr. Wilberforce, have successively bestowed, to the surprise of many people, upon the prime minister's Greek. While at Cambridge, William had repeated attacks of illness. On one such occasion we find Chatham writing in the most affecting terms to "my noble, amiable boy," advising him to moderate his ardour, and to be careful, above all things, of his precious health." In this kind of letters the great politician really appears one of the warmest-hearted and most amiable of men. Writing to the Earl of Shelburne on one occasion, he says, "Our last accounts from Cambridge were, I thank God, favourable enough, will render me capable of writing so long, and thinking with due tranquillity. A speedy recovery to perfect health we are not allowed to expect; but our worthy Dr. Addington has filled us with comfort by assuring us our dear boy is in a perfect good way, and that his future health may be benefited by this effort of nature. Your kind feelings, my dear lord, on this affecting subject, can never be forgot."

The Countess of Chatham appears to have been a wife worthy of such a husband. Some of her letters are admirable specimens of that kind of writing. George III.'s letters to Chatham are rather numerous.

These valuable volumes are enriched with many fac-similes of autographs, including those of George III., the Empress Catherine,

Grafton, Shelburne, Draper, Sir Philip Francis, (one of the reputed authors of Junius,) David Garrick, William Pitt, &c. &c. In the appendix the editors have given some detached sentences, which were found in the handwriting of Lord Chatham. Some of these are valuable.

Records of Real Life in the Palace and in the Cottage. By MISS HARRIOTT PIGOTT. Revised by the late JOHN GALT. 3 Vols. Post 8vo.

Our readers need not be informed that the lady from whose pen these volumes emanate is a lively and agreeable writer. Her "Pilgrimage," which we have had the pleasure of inserting in several of our past numbers, will have proved this; and though it cannot be denied that she is occasionally a little severe on political subjects, we must even tolerate that for the sake of the piquancy with which she is wont to delineate and to descant on all sorts of subjects, and every grade of society, as her title expresses, from "the palace" to "the cottage." It is a singular fact, that the revision of these volumes constituted almost the last literary labour of the lamented John Galt. Speaking of him in an Introduction prefixed to the work, by Lady Charlotte Bury, we find the following:—

"The distinguished lady, to whose work this hasty notice is prefixed, came unexpectedly, in the last few months of his sojourn on earth, to cast a cheering beam over his monotonous days, when he had no companions in affinity with his own lofty intellectual spirit. He was wont to watch her coming across the Clyde, with impatience; and the natural play and lustre of his fine expressive countenance would revive at her entrance. Ever favourable to the cultivation of the powers of the female mind, he bore ample testimony to her superior talents—too liberal not to class women amongst intellectual beings, capable of acquiring the highest grade in literature. Mr. Galt adopted Miss Pigott's MS. with intense interest, and beguiled much time in revising its pages.

"The preface and notes were *the last efforts* of his mental powers; which circumstance must give an increased interest to a work that requires no extraneous assistance to enhance its value."

From Mr. Galt's preface we extract the following:—

"The merit of Miss Pigott's letters is of the same kind as that of Lady Mary Montague's; 'not rich and strange,' but remarkable for the justness of what is said! and in reading them we never say, 'Can this be true?' but often lay them down an instant, and exclaim, 'Well! I thought it must have been always so, and yet I never met before with anything like this. Really the grim Germans and the chattering French are very like men and women of our own species.'"

"My friend Miss Pigott is of the elder branch of her family, settled at Chetwynd Park, in Shropshire, and at Chesterton in Huntingdonshire, since the Conquest. Her uncle, the heritor of those lands so often mentioned in her letters, was, unfortunately for his family, deeply contaminated by the insanity of the first *intellectual* revolution; and died at Toulouse in France, at last sensible of his error. His widow died lately, at that lovely campagne so feelingly described in Miss Pigott's letters from Geneva.

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"This gentleman was the author of the memoirs of the female jockey club, which pourtrays, in too vivid colours, the society of the Prince of Wales, and the fashionable coterie of his early and gayer times.

"The authoress, imbued in early life with a taste for travelling, availed herself of the first restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, to visit the continent; where she has passed, at intervals, several years, enjoying the advantages of an intimate intercourse with the society of distinguished personages, wherever she sojourned."

We feel that to this we need add nothing. The matter and manner of these volumes could not perhaps be better described, and we shall therefore at once proceed to make a few extracts.

"TO MADAME DE CAPADOCE.

"*La Haye, Dec. 1817.*

"Wearied, dearest madam, with expectation and disappointment—throwing open the window of my salon each morn at the well-known sound of the postman's knock, to demand letters from Paris, and hearing always the ennuyeuse No!—I seize my pen to remonstrate, and again fervently to entreat you to give me immediate intelligence of yourself, and le Chevelier, of Emilie, her caro, and Decoster. You will be surprised to learn that I am established for the winter months at La Haye, in this country of waters that gave you birth; and so entirely contrary is this new arrangement to my original intentions, and to every former plan that I had projected; but how often have we cause to repeat, How little we know one day what will be our lot the next! 'L'homme propose et Dieu dispose,' is a very old French phrase, verified at every moment of our uncertain existence. Had any one predicted to me that I should pass a winter with the Dutch Mynheers, I would have said the event is impossible, yet such is to be my wayward fate. How often do we accuse persons of caprice in their movements, when we should rather attribute it to circumstances. I came here in the last days of October, in the intention of remaining one week; the verdure of your *well-watered* lands then retained their brilliant shades. The wood (le Boech) was yet in full leaf and beauty. I now behold it in its russet garb of many rich hues, which has also its charms. La Haye is unique in itself, from the neatness and good order that prevails in every street and promenade, which leads one to think the Dutch are a very sensible people, and have better regulated minds than any other; but I believe that their country resembles no other in God's creation. All is water and canals, as if this part of Europe had been only partially dried after the terrible judgment of the Almighty in the terrific deluge; but how far back in the history of the world am I wandering? You will say, 'to the recommencement of the life of man.' Here the industry of man has done everything, nature very little. The woods that environ this small city, which you must in future know by its proper Dutch name, (the Boech,) is a delicious rendezvous, even at this dreary season, when we tread o'er dead leaves; every breeze wafting some of them furtively far and near, o'er the numerous alleys that intercept each other. Amongst the variety of trees, the oak rears its majestic head, spreading out its expansive branches in aristocratic precedence, like unto many a haughty beauty, and valiant warrior, in the consciousness of their pre-eminence. Les admirateurs et leur belles may here find sequestered paths, where they may pledge unheard, but by heaven, their vows of eternal fidelity. In these shades, at a certain hour of the afternoon, the belles muster, the natural beauties having received the aid of toilet embellishments; the beaux seeking their favourite flirts, or mounted on their fleet coursers, show off their exquisite persons, and equestrian prowess.

"Here you meet the different individuals of the Royal Family walking without guards, in the simplicity of private life, or I should rather say, in the simplicity of olden times; for where do we see less simple manners, and more pretension, than in obscure individuals without merit, or descent from noble or patriotic forefathers?"

"I am just returned from a delightful ramble over the downs to the sea-port of Scheveling; this neat village pleases me more each visit, at the same time that the sea breezes conduce to health. It is inhabited by rich proprietors of fishing vessels; their sailors lounge on the shore, smoking their pipes, awaiting fair winds to pursue their depredations on the finny inhabitants of the awful ocean. Notwithstanding the opulence acquired by these adventurous mariners, at the risk of life, in their humble traffic, the females of their race appear to have retained their originality in their every day habitudes and manners, with the antique costume and jewellery ornaments of their progenitors. Perhaps the vanity, that is said to be inherent in our sex, (but of which I have discerned a more undue and oppressive quantity in the cavaliers of the present generation,) may be also prevalent amongst them, if we may judge these damsels and matrons by the time and pains they must appropriate to the arrangement of these rich ornaments on their dress. The Dutch have the reputation of being hospitable to strangers; of this merit I cannot yet be a competent judge, having brought only one letter of presentation, which was fortunately addressed to Admiral Von Capellan, where I have been received with such kind welcomes, and genuine hospitality, as never can be effaced from my memory. At his house assemble the young members of the diplomacies; a select and spirituel society, that recalls to my mind those charming reunions in the Hotel de Brancas that Napoleon's inopportune appearance from Elba so cruelly dispersed.

"The Dutch matrons are stiff and ceremonious, and courts are equally so in general, where each personage has a card to play, with a gamester's skill, each regarding the other with suspicion, or with jealous eye. This court has an unregal appearance, being so lately commenced, that no one seems to recollect or to have learnt the necessary rules of service and etiquettes. The royal suites are composed of a strange medley of different nations, Germans, Prussians, Belgians, Dutch, and a few English.

"Here are four court establishments; that of the reigning monarch, the two dowager Duchesses, and that of the Prince of Orange and his youthful consort.

"The Queen is of the most retired habits, and has frequently been heard to lament that she is a Queen. Born a Princess of Prussia, married at the early age of fifteen, and removed from the superintendence of her governess at the first moment of the French Revolution, that plunged all the European dynasties into unprecedented misfortunes, her life, with that of her wedded partner, (at that period heir apparent to the Stadthouder,) was fugitive and divested of all regal attributes. She became a tender mother to each successive child, and now devotes herself to the education of her remaining daughter, the little Princess Marianne. The elder expired on her lap, while conveying her to Berlin, from their country house, to seek for medical assistance, which the rigour of Napoleon had too long refused to her maternal cries. The unconquerable thought of this sorrow marks her brow; three months have elapsed since her arrival, and she has not yet shown herself in public. Domestic broils at this moment augment her distaste to the world. The Prince of Orange has estranged himself from his father. The real cause is not clearly understood here, but it divides in opinion an already too divided nation, and the affair is blazoned forth to Europe. He appeared at the theatre in Brussels, divested of his military habit and decorations of merit. The Belgians cajole him; and his liaison with Lord Kinnaird and that coterie of political intriguants, has had a pernicious effect.

"The King hurried to Brussels, but the Prince galloped off to the plains of Waterloo, to evade paternal remonstrances.

"The Baron de Gloer pays me frequent visits; he has left his wife and daughter at the chateau, fearing the expense of an establishment in Holland, where the Belgians complain loudly of their increased expenses. He escorted me to the Salle des Etats Generaux, at the old Palace, where we placed ourselves in the Tribune de la Cour; two comfortable saloons. A new law to check desertion in the army was read in the French and Dutch languages, and ably debated. The Austrian minister, Comte Binder, and the American, Appleton, joined us.

"Many of the Dutch customs strike me to be as singular as the general features of the country. A child's birth is announced by a female domestic dressed in white, with an enormous nosegay of choice flowers in hand; a man in a black garb, a long black crape scarf flowing from his three-corner hat, and a gold-headed cane, knocks at every door throughout the town to communicate each death that has occurred, with the names and honours of the defunct. Sometimes are to be seen several of these Aanspreckers running with all speed on this sad embassy, as if they expected death to overtake themselves before they could finish their mission. When the defunct is of high station, these harbingers of mortality arrive in a coach, and from each window proclaim the event. With my sketches of these strange figures I hope one day to amuse you, and awaken a spontaneous interest; hearts of sensibility always recall with pleasure their birth-place; and whatever may be the faults of our country, it has charms despite of the injustice and inconveniences we have experienced; for dear to me is the mention of my native land—those early recollections that promised brighter days than have been my lot."

We have here a picture of a German country-house.

"TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. G——.

*"Chateau d'Allner, Duché de Berg,
Royaume de Prusse, 1818.*

"I flatter myself you will be anxious to hear whether my coachman and myself succeeded in our search for the chateau; and that you will not find uninteresting an account of the manners, and usages, and 'le genre de vie' of a German nobleman in his country-house. You will draw its comparison with that of England.

"While seated in my carriage, le Pont Volant glided me smoothly across the Rhine, surrounded by peasantry, whose observations on the lady and her waiting-woman amused me until I landed in the Duché de Berg; since the last great Congress held at Vienna relinquished to his majesty of Prussia that country which has only been elevated into a kingdom within the last century; and has lately accepted of these fertile acquisitions to her territories, which were, in fact, granted to preserve the balance of Europe.

"After three leagues of very bad and intricate cross-roads, amidst rich and cultivated lands, with the town of Siegburg and the vast ruins of an ancient convent visible in the perspective, I arrived (as a passing peasant informed me) in the peaceful Vallon d'Allner, watered by the little river Sieg. On the declivity of a wooded hill, overhanging that rapid current, I espied, to the joy of my coachman, no less than to my own feelings, the ancient chateau of the very ancient race d'Hatzfeldt, built of rough stone from the mountain quarries, in irregular architecture, deriving its date anterior to the crusades. The arrival of a carriage in the retired village, where its seigneur had not appeared during the last six years, occasioned a general sensation and movement in its small population; my figure proclaimed me to be 'une étrangère;' not one of them had ever seen an Englishwoman—for such I heard my 'cocher' proclaim me to be

in the same tone that the conductor of a caravan announces his lions and elephants ; therefore the simple inhabitants followed me to the entrance of the court of the chateau, in the hope of being treated to a full view at the expense of *mon seigneur*, without paying a kreutz.

"The prince was seated on the steps of his chateau, disencumbered of decorations and court dress ; his two sweet intelligent boys, Herman and Max, were hanging over him in fond attention ; they instantly ran off to proclaim the glad tidings of my arrival throughout the apartments, while the prince assisted me to descend from my carriage, repeating the ancient greetings of 'welcome.' Son Altesse received me with such an appearance of cordiality, that assured me of the sincerity of the sentiments he expressed. His countenance eloquently proclaiming his satisfaction on returning to his ancient feudal demesnes, his paternal tenderness, and the innate pride with which he regarded his four blooming offspring, who now came forward in merry mood, followed by the princess his consort, with the Counts Hugo and Maximilian, brothers to the prince.

"At the same moment there appeared at the different doors and windows, *le maître d'hotel*, a train of *laquais*, and *femmes de chambres*. At the stables, the coachman and groom turned out ; on the opposite side the court, appeared the *rent master* with his wife and children. Of the family group, the only absentee was the young Comtesse Fanny, but her absence was ultimately to be accounted for, as we found her at her piano, and hanging over the back of her chair was her handsome cousin, the *irresistible* Comte Fritz Nesselrode, aide-de-camp au Grand Duc Constantin, and nephew to the Prince Hatzfeldt. The reception from my graceful hostess was not less kind, each seeming to regard me as a member of the family dynasty, as though I had been, during long years, one of their home social circle. 'Where shall we place her?' was the succeeding general exclamation. 'Here,' said the princess ; as she opened the door of a spacious airy bed-chamber, the large windows commanding a view of the fertilized valley, where I could listen to the gentle current of the river Sieg, that laves the base of the castle-walls. 'Here, next to my daughters ; and they will pursue together each morning their favourite studies.'

"The prince in person inspected the arrangements of my trunks ; and after looking around, to assure himself that everything might conduce to my comfort, his excellency left me to arrange my dress for their early dinner. Thus in the space of a few minutes, I was established, without any of those factitious ceremonies and parade that estrange frank intercourse.

"The interior of this chateau does not assimilate with the ancient dignity of its architecture, for all is modern in the arrangements within. It was pillaged and almost entirely gutted during the last thirty years' troubles and warfares ; and this noble seigneur, in rendering it habitable, has prudently only consulted simplicity and comfort ; a few stray old blue damask silk fauteuils, are the only vestiges of former sumptuousness. The apartments are commodious, having free egress into each other, that the prince and the ladies of his family occupy ; the hangings of the apartments are white cotton, everything being designed for utility, and immediate convenience. I was hurried by the sweet girls from one end of the park and the woods to the other ; for each would entice me onward to her favourite spot. On the morrow I must go the vineyard, and on the following day to climb one of the Seven mountains ; in short, each day and hour were to have its separate amusement. I inhaled the fragrance of each herb and floweret with delicious transport ; yet were they very children in their frolicsomeness ; for these young countesses, divested of court and diplomatic etiquettes, appear in this their paternal domain in nature's self, free to roam in their natal verdant fields and slopes, under the azure firmament. In mirthful simplicity they skipped before me, or

Fanny would turn round in a waltz with cousin Fritz on the grassy plain. Charlotte enchanted me by her graver naïveté ; but, to the guileless purity of Helen's eye you involuntarily tender affectionate homage ; for her sprightly sallies are accompanied by more feminine elegance ; in her 'laissez aller' of gaiety she never swerves from that scrupulous delicacy which is ever the greatest charm of womankind.

"The domain is in correspondent taste. The kitchen garden is a picture of neat cultivation, and, with the orchard, was shown to me with as much satisfaction as an English squire exhibits his range of extensive hot-houses, his park of deer, his stud of blood-horses, or his pack of well-trained fox-hounds. Here, nature has done everything ; the prince has aided her only by cutting rude walks through the woods, and over the mountains, with rustic benches appropriately stationed, to repose, and catch the most interesting points of view at every step ; son Altesse turns to ask me, with a look of proud content, 'Is not this better than your English lawns, and formal cut gravel walks ?—leave formalities for great cities.' Indeed this high-born prince seems to retire to the country to disembarass himself of state and state affairs. Here he appears like a good patriarch in the midst of his family ; the hours and manner of living are almost pastoral.

"We rise at seven o'clock, being obliged to appear at the breakfast-table, not in negligé toilet like the French, but in a neat morning costume, soon after eight o'clock. The breakfast is served without tablecloth or plates, consisting of bread, butter, fruits, and confectionary, with coffee ; as they had seen me breakfast at Aix-la-Chapelle, they have added, on my account, tea and eggs ; and, as there were no egg-cups, I was necessitated to hint that a napkin and plate could alone relieve my embarrassment."

"After the breakfast repast, we separate instantly to our apartments and our different occupations ; mine assimilating with those of my young friends, and my rooms opening into theirs, we pursue them together ; they delight in cultivating the English language, and reading some English literary work, whilst I paint or sketch their portraits ; at intervals the lively capricious Fanny will seize her guitar, and throw aside her books ; sometimes we are joined by their uncle, the Comte Hugo, who pays his court to me assiduously, taking a malicious pleasure in irritating my patriotism, by disputing with me the glory and power of my nation, and also in committing (what he calls) the terrible sin of entering an English lady's bed-chamber,—generally bringing his guitar to amuse and charm us for an hour with pretty Spanish and Sicilian airs ; it is true his voice is somewhat cracked by age and use ; and when I venture to look at him, the affectation of youth, and the *gestes* of the old beau, are somewhat ludicrous and diverting.

"If the weather is not too sultry, the prince summons us for a walk previous to arranging our toilet for dinner, which is served at half-past two o'clock. A simple repast, of very plain cookery, is served with neatness upon a round table ; no massive silver services decorate the side-board or table, war and revolutions having long since melted them down for public use ; but genuine hospitality and mutual confidence have superseded these luxuries and pageantry, diffusing gaiety over the social meal. It is long since the brothers, Hugo and Max, and their nephews, have thus met together. I have named it the family congress. The prince presides at the banquets, having me on his right hand ; unlike his dinners at the Hague, the viands are placed on the table, and he serves each dish himself. 'This soup is excellent,' he said to me to-day ; 'I superintended the mixing of the ingredients, and there is some macaroni coming, dressed in a new way ; I think you will like it.' Great apparent cleanliness pervades everything : it is only in certain per-

sonal tricks, habitual to the Germans, that they are unpleasant; that terrible habitude I have before remarked to you of spitting on the floor, or between their knees under the table, and that of raising the pointed knife as a tooth-pick, is to me a continued annoyance, being, during the dinner, obliged to resort to the most artful stratagems to prevent the prince taking the same knife to cut the roti. Each lady and gentleman will, perhaps, bring to table, or draw from their pockets, a vast and richly ornamented tooth-pick case, placing it by his knife; but it is rarely that the knife is not preferred, for in the middle of an interesting conversation with her fascinating cousin, the aide-de-camp Fritz de Nesselrode, I see the fair and delicate hand, the well-turned arm of the young and blooming Comtesse Fanni, grasp and elevate this instrument of carving, extend her pretty mouth, and stick it between her small ivory teeth. Conversing this morning on the customs of different nations, with all the freedom and frankness that intimacy authorises, arguing upon their utility or inutility, I ventured to make an observation upon the impropriety of thus injuring her pretty teeth, and, perhaps, risking to enlarge the dimensions of her pretty small mouth, by an unfortunate jerk of her hand, or gentle touch of her favourite cousin, Fritz; 'besides, the princess your mother never does it.' 'True,' she replied; 'vous avez raison; I will endeavour never to do it more, for it is certainly very ungraceful.' To take our dessert and coffee, we always immediately adjourn to a flower-garden, surrounded by a trellis fence of roses, beneath the shade of two large spreading cherry-trees, from which we cull the fruit as we sit under them; with the dessert, the domestics bring the pipes of old Comte Max, and the two aides-de-camp; on that of uncle Max are engraved the ten commandments. The princess only permits them to smoke in the open air, and there I do not think it disagreeable. My devoted le Comte Hugo is too much the polished refined gentleman to condescend to smoke; he is quite a man of the world, and has visited other courts; old beau, coquetting, plein d'esprit—a humorist, searching for and enjoying the different characters he encounters in life, as much as the scenery and the arts. Although sixty years' sojourn on earth have silvered his locks, and nature has not been bountiful to his person, he still retains so favourable an opinion of his personal agréments, that, at the dessert to-day he rose in a rage, because I would not correct the traits of his portrait I had sketched, more to his satisfaction. 'Ma bouche, mademoiselle; j'ai eu toujours une bouche intéressante.' The voiture then comes to the garden gate; with four horses, high-fed, high-spirited, and seldom worked, harnessed in the Prussian fashion, and appearing to scamper at will, we dash through the rivers, fords, the most beautiful landscapes, so beautiful, so varied, that no pen, no pencil can do them adequate justice; but more of this hereafter—let me finish the journal of the day, which is in fact that of every succeeding one, with little variation. Could one wish them varied? Methinks, were I to remain the summer months, I would pass them thus, for do they not comprise much that is rational in a country life?

A long walk succeeds these excursions, which we generally prolong till ten o'clock, when we assemble to tea, fruit, and confectionary. At eleven the scene is closed; the prince conducts us to the doors of our apartments, embraces his princess and his daughters, and then retires to his own chamber, accompanied by his two boys. They have no neighbours to break in on their domestic circle, for there is only one chateau within visiting distance."

But we must close. We trust, however, we have said enough to recommend this lively work to our readers generally. Those who would live over an important period of modern history, will know how to appreciate the agreeable and entertaining pictures of public and private life which are here presented.

Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society; with a Glance at Bad Habits. By Αγωγός. *Nineteenth Edition, with Additions.* By a LADY OF RANK.

This may be regarded as a subject on which every one may sometimes have occasion to be informed, and yet as one of which perhaps comparatively few are willing to be considered ignorant. Hence the desirableness of conveying such information by the silent intervention of an elegant little volume like the present. We could easily quote many passages in proof of the author's skill in discussing this subject, but we think this would be quite superfluous in a work bearing on its title *Nineteenth Edition*.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Essays of Elia.—Mr. Moxon has produced the Second Series of these delicious papers, in the same cheap and elegant form as the part noticed last month. If Charles Lamb could raise his head from its last pillow in Edmonton churchyard, he would be delighted with this edition, for Charles dearly loved the double columns.

What should the Church do? or, Self-denial instead of Mendicant Appeals to the Government and the People, &c. By HENRY BUTTERFIELD, M. A.—A short but very sensible paper, written for the most part in a proper manly spirit. Mr. Butterfield seems to think that if the clergy will but act as they ought to do, the church, with a net revenue of three millions and a half, can be in no great danger. He says something about a tax of five per cent. upon this acknowledged revenue of the church, for the purpose of building churches, &c. This, we believe, will be considered véry unorthodox in many quarters.

Three Months in the North; including Excursions in Tellemark and Ringerige: with an Itinerary. By GEORGE DOWNES, M. A.—An exceedingly interesting little volume, though not altogether devoid of national and other prejudices, though these seem generally to be on the more generous side. As a guide-book through parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, it must be found very useful.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Eglintoun Tournament and Gentlemen Unmasked. By Peter Buchan. Fcap. 5s.
 Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack. 18mo. 4s.
 New Grammar of the French Language, &c. By M. de Fivas. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
 Stafford's German, French, and English Conversations. 12mo. 2s. 6d.; with Introduction, 5s.
 Stafford's Introduction to German, &c. Conversations separate. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Sixth Report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. 3vo. 2s. 6d.
 Beza's Latin Testament. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
 Evans's Hints to Young Christians. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Hocken's Essay on the Influence of the Constitution in the Production of Disease. Fcap. 2s. 6d.
 Pilkington's Doctrine of Particular Providence. New Edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Pilkington's Travels. New Edition. 8vo. 2s.
 Drake's Road Book of the Nottingham and Derby and Derby and Birmingham Railway. 18mo. 1s.
 The Heart's Tongue. 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.; silk, 2s. 6d.
 Rudiments of Animal Physiology, (Chambers's Educational Course,) 1s. 9d. cl.; 1s. 6d. swd.
 Companion to the Book of Common Prayer. 32mo. 2s.
 The Great Exemplar. By Mary B. Tuckey. 1s. 3d.
 Bradshaw's Railway Companion. 32mo. 1s.
 Campbell's New Zealand. 12mo. 1s.
 Vyse's Spelling Book. 12mo. New Edition. 1s.
 Mogg's Diamond Plan of London. 1s. In French Case, mounted, 1s. 6d.
 The Cabinet of Sacred Prose. 2s.
 The Cabinet of Sacred Poetry. 2s.
 Copley's Early Friendship. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Discussion between Jordan and Lees on Temperance. 12mo. 1s.
 Early Religion. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
 Life of Wellington. By Soane. Vol. II. 18mo. 5s.
 Saul's Arithmetic. 12mo. Twelfth Edition. 2s.
 A Visit to London. New Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Holy Thoughts, or Treasury of True Riches. Crown 32mo. New Edition. 1s. 6d. cl.; 2s. silk.
 Publisher's Circular, London Catalogue of Books, 1840. 1s. 6d.
 Green's Useful Knowledge. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 The People's Letter Bag and Penny Postage Act Companion. 18mo. 1s.
 Todd's Simple Sketches. 32mo. 2s.
 Todd's Truth made Simple. 32mo. 2s.
 Todd's Lectures to Children. 32mo. 2s.
 Evans's Sermon on the late Chartists' Insurrection. 8vo. 1s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The first volume of Sir E. L. Bulwer's works is just ready; but as it did not reach us till the last moment, we must postpone further remark upon it beyond observing, that it is the most elegant as well as the cheapest Six Shilling Volume we have yet seen. It contains the whole of "RIENZI."

Mrs Jameson's new work, "SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY," is now ready. We purpose paying early attention to these attractive volumes.

Mr. James, author of "RICHELIEU," &c., has been for some time past engaged on a highly interesting subject, which we have no doubt will prove one of the most delightful of his very many delightful works, "The Life and Times of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION." All who know the diligent research which Mr. James is accustomed to bestow on

every object to which he directs his studies, as well as the brilliancy of his narration, will no doubt have their expectations raised and gratified by the forthcoming work. We understand it is now nearly ready for the press.

Mr. Reeve, who so ably translated M. De Tocqueville's valuable work, "**DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA**," has just received from the author the **CONTINUATION** referred to in our last, on which he is now busily engaged. This portion of the work, on which the author has been so long occupied, is, we believe, devoted more particularly to the influence of Democratic principles on the tastes and habits of the people. It will be gratifying to receive the results of inquiries conducted on such a subject by so competent and acute an observer.

Major Paterson's new work, "**CAMP AND QUARTERS, or SCENES OF MILITARY LIFE**," is nearly ready for publication.

We hear that the new work, recently announced under the title of "**TIMON, BUT NOT OF ATHENS**," is to contain some documents of a startling character, the authenticity of which cannot, however, be doubted.

"**INDIAN LIFE, A TALE OF THE CARNATIC**," is the title of Mrs. Colonel Hartley's new work.

The following works are announced for speedy publication by Messrs. Saunders and Otley: "**FAMILY RECORDS**," by **LADY C. BURY**; "**HAWKWOOD**," a Tale of Italy; "**THE ORPHAN OF NEPAUL**;" "**ARUNDEL**," a Tale of the French Revolution; and "**GATTON VILLAGE SCHOOL**," a Tale of Instruction.

In a few days will be published, an Examination of the Poetry of Michael Angelo, as originating in the Platonic idea of Truth and Beauty. With Translations. By John Edward Taylor.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Although we have as yet but little revival in our export trade, there is some prospect of improvement in our home manufactures. The approaching marriage of the Queen will, doubtless, call into exercise much of the ingenuity of our artisans, her Majesty having intimated her intention of wearing on that occasion only articles of British produce. This is a truly British determination, and we trust it may pervade all ranks; for while a preference is shown for foreign articles, we need not wonder at the distress felt in our manufacturing districts. Our communications with America by steam have been in part suspended by the circumstance of the British Queen and the Liverpool having been disabled by their last voyage, and therefore requiring repairs. Whether, when a greater number of steam ships are employed, this can be obviated or not, remains to be seen; if not, it will certainly be a great inconvenience, as indeed it has proved in the present instance.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 29th of Jan.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 179. Three per Cent. Consols, for opening, 91 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 19 21 prem.—India Bonds 5 2 prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Three per Cent., 23 three-eighths.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 52 one-eighth.—Spanish Bonds, 26½.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Jan. 28.—In consequence of the division of the House of Commons on the question of the allowance to Prince Albert, Consols experienced a slight depression, opening at 91 one-fourth to three-eighths for money, and 91 three-fourths to one-half for the Account, at which price they remained during the day.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	55-46	29.51-29.33	S.W.		[afternoon and even. Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, raining nearly all the
24	55-52	29.26-29.20	S.	.5	Afternoon clear, otherw. cloudy, rain fell in the
25	48-35	29.58-29.44	W.	.6125	Generally clear. [morning and evening.
26	43-27	29.64-29.31	E.		General overcast, rain in the aftern. and even.
27	53-40	29.50-29.24	W.	.3625	General overcast, rain in the morning.
28	42-29	29.84-29.61	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
29	37-25	30.26-30.11	W.		Generally clear.
30	36-21	30.25-30.11	S.E.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
31	48-35	29.85-29.71	S.W.	.175	Generally cloudy.
1840.					
Jan.					
1	53-47	29.67-29.64	S.		Generally cloudy.
2	51-45	29.82-29.61	S.W.		Generally clear, a shower of rain about 4 P.M.
3	47-35	29.88-29.86	S.W.	.0125	Generally cloudy, a few drops of rain about noon.
4	41-35	29.86-29.81	N.E.	.0625	Overcast, raining frequently.
5	41-30	29.81-29.77	N.E.	.2125	Generally clear.
6	35-25	30.08-29.84	N.		Generally clear, a little snow fell about 9 A.M.
7	27-10	30.14-30.11	E.		Generally clear.
8	30-12	30.06-30.05	S.		Evening overcast, otherwise clear.
9	36-26	30.19-30.10	S.W.		Gen. cloudy, a few drops of rain fell about 7 P.M.
10	35-26	30.40-30.31	N.E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
11	30-15	30.40-30.34	E.		Morning and evening foggy, otherwise clear.
12	36-18	30.20-30.14	S.		Morning clear, otherwise hazy.
13	37-21	30.06-29.86	S.		Evening cloudy, otherwise clear. [and even.
14	43-29	29.94-29.84	S.W.		Gen. overcast, small rain fell during the morning
15	45-39	30.02-29.88	S.W.		Gen. overcast, misting rain fell during the morn.
16	43-35	29.70-29.64	S.W.		Generally clear, raining during the night.
17	43-34	29.72-29.46	N.	.09	Even. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
18	49-25	29.84-29.62	S.		Gen. overcast, rain in the afternoon and evening.
19	55-42	29.50-29.28	S.W.	.185	Gen. cloudy, with frequent rain, wind boisterous.
20	47-39	29.63-29.50	S.W.	.15	Gen. cloudy, rain fell in the morning and even.
21	49-41	29.49-29.28	S.W.	.475	Gen. cloudy, heavy showers of rain, wind boister.
22	51-41	29.74-29.53	S.W.	.0875	Morn. cloudy, rain, otherw. clear. [ous all day.

Edmonton

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

Dec. 24.—W. B. Silk, Jewin-street, Cripplegate, builder.—W. Higgs, Jernyn-street, St. James's, soda-water manufacturer.—J. Moore, Finchley-common, victualler.—F. T. Trivett, Northumberland-place, Commercial-road East, draper.—G. Stanton, Regent-street, woollen-draper.—T. Turnbull, Friday-street, Cheapside, tavern-keeper.—W. Spence, Dewsbury, grocer.—M. Potter, Earle's Heaton, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturer.—T. M. Jones, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire, skinner.—W. B. Naylor, Pitsmore, Yorkshire, brick maker.—I. Stocks, Clayton, Yorkshire, stuff manufacturer.—T. Gregory, Macclesfield, innkeeper.

Dec. 27.—H. Manning, Grove House, Dulwich, boardinghouse-keeper.—W. Legh, New Windsor, corndealer.—W. Gootch, Bath-street, Clerkenwell, grocer.—H. Shuttleworth, Market, Harborough, pin manufacturer.—J. Brown, Leeds, flax spinner.—J. Cooper, Keale, Staffordshire, tailor.—S. Mead and W. Mead, Liverpool, iron merchants.—E. Blandell, Samlesbury, Lancashire, innkeeper.—A. Harris, Rhyll,

Flintshire, hotel keeper.—W. Hind, Preston, millwright.—W. H. Griffith, Shrewsbury, wharfinger.—F. W. N. Crouch, Plymouth, music seller.—T. C. Huxley, Liverpool, cabinet maker.—S. Buckley, Staley Bridge, Lancashire, shopkeeper.—A. Micklethwaite, Sheffield, horn merchant.—J. Howard, Bradford, Wiltshire, baker.

Dec. 31.—R. Underhill, and J. Underhill, Plymouth, linendrapers.—J. Morris, Chester-wharf, Pimlico, coal merchant.—J. Bolton and W. Ireland, Manchester, check manufacturers.—G. Fall and J. Nicholls, Horrocks, Manchester, dyers.—J. Bagshaw and R. Kinch, Manchester, cotton manufacturers.—J. Edwards, Liverpool, cabinet maker.—S. Grocock, Leicester, builder.—F. Robinson, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.—R. Thurlow, Southampton, oil and colour merchant.—E. Owen, Maesglas, Anglesea, cattle dealer.—J. Lockitt, Congleton, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Poynton, Liverpool, draper.

Jan. 3.—J. A. Cox, Union-street, Southwark,

victualler.—T. Harris, John-street, America-square, merchant.—W. Hawker, College-street, Dowgate-hill, carman.—J. Brown, Fowey, Cornwall, draper.—J. W. Green, Dartmouth, shipbuilder.—J. Bacon, York, grocer.—W. Walker, Nottingham, silkman.—W. Thomas, Ystradgimlais, Brecon, timber merchant.—W. MacIntock, Barnsley, linen manufacturer.—C. Hargreaves, Liverpool, tailor.—R. Richardson, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, draper.—J. Tarte, Birmingham, maltster.—T. Miles, Tongwinlas, Glamorganshire, cordwainer.—J. and H. Ridsdale, Leeds, blanket merchants.

Jan. 7.—J. Foster, Southwark-square, Surrey, carrier.—W. Geddes, Albion-place, Hyde-park-square, baker.—A. Bull, Bucklersbury, merchant.—C. Bowen, Oxford, linen draper.—C. J. W. Wharton, Liverpool, provision dealer.—R. Gill, Rorshfield, Yorkshire, fancy manufacturer.—F. Jordan, jun., and R. L. Magrath, Liverpool, merchants.—C. H. Byrne, Liverpool, sail maker.—J. Fox, Barnsley, linen manufacturer.—A. H. Harrold, Frome Selwood, chemist.—J. French, jun., Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.

Jan. 10.—C. Kipling, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, victualler.—A. J. Polden and T. Morton, Fenchurch-street, merchants.—T. R. Atkinson, and C. J. Atkinson, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, cloth merchants.—R. Derham, Leeds, and W. A. Hinde and J. Derham, Dolphinholme, Lancashire, worsted-spinners.—J. Holroyd, and F. Holroyd, Halifax, Yorkshire, cloth merchants.—W. A. Dawson, Liverpool, merchant.—L. Bendle, Barnstaple, draper.—J. Senior, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer.—E. Davies, Wrexham, Denbighshire, miller.—W. France, Wakefield, maltster.—H. Johns, jun., Exeter, builder.

Jan. 14.—W. B. J. Brandon, Trinity-square, Newington, manufacturer.—J. Silver, Hatton-garden, silversmith.—H. Ellis and G. H. Bryson, Manchester, brace manufacturers.—J. Canthorp, Cheetham, Manchester, chemist.—E. Burt, Aston, Warwickshire, victualler.—G. Shuckard, Preston, Sussex, brewer.—W. T. Barker, Birmingham, plater.—C. Honey, Littlemore, Oxfordshire, corn dealer.—J. Burr, Wells,

baker.—T. Willacy, St. Helen Mills, Windle, Lancashire.—T. W. Froud, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship broker.—J. Edwards, Littleworth, Gloucestershire, baker.—S. Wood, Northampton, ironmonger.—S. Gans, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, furrier.—J. Ross, Leicester, woolstapler.

Jan. 17.—G. Finch, Newbury, cabinet-maker.—T. Pritchard, Sidcup, Kent, surgeon.—E. Scholefield, Watling-street, City, warehouseman.—R. Yallop, Basinghall-street, City, scrivener.—J. Hudson, Arthur-street, West City, livery-stable keeper.—G. Gingell, West Smithfield, hay salesman.—R. Edwards, Birmingham, victualler.—C. Perrier, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—J. Coates, Manchester, drysalter.—J. Scott, Manchester, paper dealer.—C. Leonard, Sheffield, bacon factor.

Jan. 21.—W. Benham, Alexander-square, Brompton, lodging-house keeper.—J. White, King William-street, Strand, chemist.—J. Collins, Staines, hotel keeper.—C. Hall, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, draper.—J. and W. Latham, Ashton, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. and J. S. Tolson, Huddersfield, fancy cloth manufacturers.—J. and E. Milne, Newhey, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—E. Sutcliffe, Rochdale, victualler.—R. Greenhow, Wrexham, Denbighshire, iron master.—P. Moore, Hirwain, Glamorganshire, innkeeper.—J. Hardy, Wednesbury, Staffordshire.—A. Fussell, Oxford, ironmonger.—J. Winstanley, Chorley, Lancashire, druggist.—T. Blethyn, Bristol, woollen draper.

Jan. 24.—S. Hind, Sekforde-street, Clerkenwell, grocer.—J. A. Anderson, Park-street, Greenwich, Kent, boarding-house keeper.—R. B. Younger and C. Irving, Crane-court, Fleet street, publishers.—J. Z. Pulbrook, Blackfriars-road, boot maker.—W. Potts, Ray-street, Clerkenwell, oilman.—E. Hetherington, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cheesemonger.—J. Moile, Liverpool, pawnbroker.—W. Barker and S. Adams, Nottingham, hosiers.—R. Johnson, Bridlington, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Salter, Bristol, patten maker.—S. Johnson, Macclesfield, silk throwster.—E. Lax, Manchester, innkeeper.

NEW PATENTS.

G. Davey, of Llandudno, Carnarvonshire, Mining Agent, for an improved mode of applying water-power. December 2nd, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Birmingham, Patent Agent, for improvements in the mechanism and process of packing and pressing various articles of commerce. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 2nd, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing pins and sticking them in paper. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 2nd, 6 months.

G. A. Ermen, of Manchester, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for spinning, doubling, or twisting cotton, flax, wool, silk, or other fibrous materials, part of which improvements are applicable to machinery in general. December 2nd, 6 months.

J. Evans, of Birmingham, Paper Maker, for improvements for chemically preparing and cleansing of felts used by paper manufacturers. December 2nd, 6 months.

H. Dunington, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery employed in making frame work knit, or stocking fabrics. December 2nd, 6 months.

J. Guest, Jun., of Birmingham, Merchant, for improvements in locks and other fastenings. December 2nd, 6 months.

G. Saunders, of Hooknorton, Oxford, Clerk, and J. W. Newbery, of the same place, Farmer, for improvements in machinery for dibbling or setting wheat and other grain or seed. December 2nd, 6 months.

H. Trew hitt, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Esquire, for certain improvements in the fabrication of china and earthenware, and in the apparatus or machinery applicable thereto. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 4th, 6 months.

C. Nickles, of York Road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in propelling carriages. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 4th, 6 months.

P. N. Cronier, of Fricourt's Hotel, Saint Martin's Lane, for improvements in filters, and in the means of cleansing the same, and for separating, colouring, and tanning matters for filtration, and for improvements in employing such tanning matters by filtration. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 4th, 6 months.

J. Mayer, of Ashley Crescent, Saint Luke, Gentleman, for an improved machine for cutting splints for matches. December 4th, 6 months.

G. Lowe, Engineer to the Chartered Gas Company, and J. Kirkham, Engineer to the Imperial Gas Company, both of London, for improvements in the manufacture of gas for purposes of illumination. December 4th, 6 months.

J. Nasmyth, of Patricroft, near Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements applicable to railway-carriages. December 4th, 6 months.

J. H. Hall, of Doncaster, Chemist, for improvements in preserving and rendering woollen and other fabrics and leather waterproof. December 5th, 6 months.

H. Potter, of Manchester, Esquire, for certain improvements in printed calicoes, muslins, and other fabrics. December 9th, 6 months.

S. White, of Charlton, Marshatts, Dorsetshire, Esquire, for improvements in preventing persons from being drowned. December 9th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of acoustic, soda, and carbonate of soda. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 9th, 6 months.

T. Richardson, of Newcastle, Chemist, for a preparation of sulphate of lead, applicable to some of the purposes for which carbonate of lead is now applied. December 9th, 6 months.

J. Leslie, of Conduit Street, Hanover Square, Tailor, for improvements in measuring the human figure. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 9th, 6 months.

J. Jukes, of Shropshire, Gentleman, for improvements in furnaces or fire-places for the better consuming of fuel. December 9th, 6 months.

P. F. Gongy, of Tavistock Street, Westminster, Watch Maker, for an improvement in clocks, watches, and other time-keepers. December 11th, 6 months.

R. Hervey, of Manchester, Drysalter, for certain improvements in the mode of preparing and purifying alum, alumina, aluminous mordants, and other aluminous combinations and solutions, and the application of such improvements to the purposes of manufacture. December 13th, 6 months.

R. G. Ransom, of Ipswich, Paper Maker, and S. Millbourn, Foreman to the said R. G. Ransom, for improvements in the manufacture of paper. December 13th, 6 months.

A. M. Perkins, of Great Coram Street, Civil Engineer, for improvements in apparatus for transmitting heat by circulating water. December 13th, 6 months.

J. Brazill, Governor of Trinity Ground, Deptford, for improvements in obtaining motive power. December 16th, 6 months.

H. S. M. Vandeleur, of Kilrush, Ireland, for improvements in paving or covering roads, and other ways. December 16th, 6 months.

S. W. Faxon, of Park Village, East, Regent's Park, Surgeon, for an apparatus to be applied to the chimneys of gas and other burners, or lamps to improve combustion. December 16th, 6 months.

M. Japy, and C. J. Dumery, of George Yard, Lombard Street, Gentlemen, for improvements in rotatory engines, to be actuated by steam or water. December 16th, 6 months.

D. Morison, of Wilson Street, Finsbury, Ink Maker, for improvements in printing. December 16th, 6 months.

D. Naylor, of Copley Mill, Halifax, Manufacturer, and J. Crighton, Junior, of Manchester, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for weaving, single, double, and treble cloths, by hand or power. December 16th, 6 months.

G. Wilson, of Salford, Machinist and Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-whistles, adapted for locomotive engines and boilers, and other purposes. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Robinson, of North Shields, Engineer, for an improved steering apparatus. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Wood, of Burslem, Stafford, Manufacturer of Mineral Colours, for a new method or process in the application and laying on of the substances used in the printing, colouring, tinting, and ornamenting of china, porcelain, earthenware, and other wares of the same description, by which such wares can be painted and ornamented with flowers and other devices in a much cheaper and more simple and expeditious manner than by any process now in use, and colours of all or any variety may be painted, shaded, mixed, and blended together in one of and the same design or pattern, and hardened or burnt into the substance of the aforesaid wares by a single process of firing or hardening in the enamelling kiln. December 16th, 2 months.

J. W. Thompson, of Turnstile Alley, Long Acre, Upholsterer, for improvements in the construction of bedsteads, which improvements are particularly applicable to the use of invalids. December 16th, 6 months.

W. Newman, of Birmingham, Brass Founder, for certain improved mechanism for roller blinds, which it is intended to denominate Simcox and Company's patent blind furniture. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Gibbs, of Kennington, Surrey, Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in the machinery for preparing fibrous substances for spinning and in the mode of spinning certain fibrous substances. December 21st, 6 months.

G. L. Young, of Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved surface for paper, mill or card board, vellum and parchment. December 21st, 6 months.

H. F. Richardson, of Ironmonger Lane, Gentleman, for improvements in omnibuses. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Cutts, of Manchester, Machine Maker, and T. Spencer, of the same place, Mechanic, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for making wire cards for carding cotton, silk, wool, and other fibrous substances. December 21st, 6 months.

L. W. Fletcher, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester, Machinist, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of woollen and other cloths, or fabrics, and in the application of such cloths or fabrics to various useful purposes. December 23rd, 6 months.

T. Firmstone, of Newcastle, Coal Master, for improvements in the manufacture of salt. December 24th, 6 months.

A. M' Rae, of the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, London, for improvements in machinery for ploughing, harrowing, and other agricultural purposes, to be worked by steam or other power. December 24th, 6 months.

T. H. Clarke, of Birmingham, Cabinet Maker, for certain improved fastenings for window sashes, tables, and such like purposes. December 24th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Jan. 16.—This being the day appointed for the opening of Parliament, at a quarter after two o'clock her Majesty entered the House with the usual forms, and addressed the Lords and Commons in the following most gracious speech:—

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" Since you were last assembled I have declared my intention of allying myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the Divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people as well as to my own domestic happiness, and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament.

" The constant proofs which I have received of your attachment to my person and family persuade me that you will enable me to provide for such an establishment as may appear suitable to the rank of the Prince and the dignity of the Crown.

" I continue to receive from Foreign Powers assurances of their unabated desire to maintain with me the most friendly relations.

" I rejoice that the civil war which had so long disturbed and desolated the northern provinces of Spain has been brought to an end by an arrangement satisfactory to the Spanish Government and to the people of those provinces, and I trust, that ere long, peace and tranquillity will be established throughout the rest of Spain.

" The affairs of the Levant have continued to occupy my most anxious attention. The concord which has prevailed amongst the five Powers has prevented a renewal

of hostilities in that quarter; and I hope that the same unanimity will bring these important and difficult matters to a final settlement in such a manner as to uphold the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and to give additional security to the peace of Europe.

" I have not yet been enabled to re-establish my diplomatic relations with the Court of Teheran, but communications which I have lately received from the Persian Government inspire me with the confident expectation that the differences which occasioned a suspension of those relations will soon be satisfactorily adjusted.

" Events have happened in China, which have occasioned an interruption of the commercial intercourse of my subjects with that country. I have given, and shall continue to give, the most serious attention to a matter so deeply affecting the interests of my subjects and the dignity of my Crown.

" I have great satisfaction in acquainting you that the military operations undertaken by the Governor-General of India have been attended with complete success, and that in the expedition to the Westward of the Indus the officers and troops, both European and native, have displayed the most distinguished skill and valour.

" I have directed that further papers relating to the affairs of Canada should be laid before you, and I confide to your wisdom this important subject.

" I recommend to your early attention the state of the Municipal Corporations of Ireland.

" It is desirable that you should prosecute those measures relating to the Established Church which have been recommended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" I have directed the estimates for the service of the year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy, and at the same time with a due regard to the efficiency of those establishments which are rendered necessary by the extent and circumstances of the empire.

" I have lost no time in carrying into effect the intentions of Parliament by the reduction of the duties on postage, and I trust that the beneficial effects of this measure will be felt throughout all classes of the community.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I learn with great sorrow that the commercial embarrassments which have taken place in this and in other countries are subjecting many of the manufacturing districts to severe distress.

" I have to acquaint you, with deep concern, that the spirit of insubordination has in some parts of the country broken out into open violence, which was speedily repressed by the firmness and energy of the magistrates, and by the steadiness and good conduct of my troops. I confidently rely upon the power of the law, upon your loyalty and wisdom, and upon the good sense and right feeling of my people, for the maintenance of order, the protection of property, and the promotion, as far as they can be promoted by human means, of the true interests of the empire."

An Address, in answer to the Speech, was moved by the Duke of Somerset, and seconded by Lord Seaforth, which was carried unanimously, Lord Melbourne having consented to a trifling amendment suggested by the Duke of Wellington.

Jan. 17.—Their Lordships met for the purpose of carrying up the Address to her Majesty in answer to her speech. The Lord Chancellor, the mover and seconder, together with several other noble lords, proceeded in state to Buckingham Palace.

Jan. 20.—The Lord Chancellor read the answer to the address on her Majesty's Speech from the throne, as follows:—

" Upon an occasion so deeply interesting to my feelings as the present, I receive, with great satisfaction, this loyal and affectionate address.

" I feel myself strongly supported and much gratified by your concurrence in my wishes with respect to the provision for the Prince with whom I am about to contract an alliance.

" I thank you for the readiness with which you have expressed your determination to confirm such measures as may be deemed necessary to provide a suitable establishment; and I entirely rely on your zeal for the welfare of the country and your affectionate attachment to my person."

The Earl of Shaftesbury moved, that her Majesty's gracious message be entered on the journals, and be printed, which was agreed to.

Jan. 21.—A Bill for the Naturalization of Prince Albert went through all its stages, and was passed. A Bill for the Enfranchisement of Lands of Copyhold and Customary Tenure, and other lands subject to manorial rights, was read a second time, and Lord Brougham gave notice of his intention to move for a Select Committee on Thursday, to which day the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Jan. 16.—Shortly after assembling, the House was summoned to the House of Lords to hear her Majesty's speech; after which the Speaker took the chair, and several new members took the usual oaths and their seats.—Mr. E. J. Stanley gave notice for Lord Morpeth that, on the 23rd of January, he would move for leave to bring in "a Bill for the better regulation of Municipal Corporations in Ireland;" and Sir J. Y. Buller, that on January 28th he would move a vote of want of confidence in her Majesty's present administration.—Lord J. Russell then called the attention of the House to the case of *Hansard v. Stockdale*, and moved that Stockdale, the Sheriffs, and other parties connected with the proceedings should attend to-morrow at the bar, which was carried by a majority of 119.—The House then proceeded to consider the Address in answer to her Majesty's Speech, which was moved by Mr. Cavendish and seconded by Sir W. Somerville, and carried without a division.

Jan. 17.—Mr. Stockdale was called to the bar, and underwent a lengthened examination; after which Lord J. Russell moved a resolution that Mr. Stockdale had been guilty of a breach of privilege; and Mr. Law moved as an amendment that Mr. Stockdale be discharged. Lord J. Russell's motion was eventually carried by a majority of 149. The noble Lord then moved that Stockdale be committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms, which was also carried by a majority of 134. It was then decided that Thomas France, Esq., and the bailiff of Middlesex, should appear at the bar to-morrow; and that James Burchell, Thomas Burton Howard, and Henry Jackson, Esqrs., should appear on Monday.—The report on the Address was brought up, and the House adjourned.

Jan. 20.—The House met for the purpose of proceeding to Buckingham Palace with the Address in answer to her Majesty's speech, to which her Majesty was pleased to return the following gracious answer:—

"I receive with very great satisfaction your loyal and affectionate address upon an occasion so deeply affecting the happiness of my future life.

"I thank you for your support and concurrence in my resolution, and I am much gratified by the opinion which you have expressed of the Prince, and which I am confident he will justify.

"I thank you for your assurance that you will concur in the measure which may be necessary to provide for such an establishment as may be suitable to the rank of the Prince and the dignity of the crown.

"I shall anxiously endeavour to make my reign conducive to the happiness of all classes of my people."

"Lord J. Russell then moved the following resolution, in reference to the breach of privilege assumed to have been committed in the case *Stockdale v. Hansard*:—"That it appears to this House that an execution in the case of *Stockdale v. Hansard* has been levied to the amount of £640, by the sale of the property of Messrs. Hansard, in contempt of the privileges of this House, and that such money remains in the hands of the Sheriff of Middlesex."—Mr. Kelly moved, as an amendment, that the House do reimburse to the Messrs. Hansard the damages awarded in the action in which they had been defendants; and that in all similar cases in future, the Attorney-General should be instructed to appear on behalf of the House.—Lord J. Russell's resolution was carried by a majority of 205 to 90.—His Lordship next moved that "the Sheriffs be ordered to refund to the Messrs. Hansard the amount of the seizure made on the effects of those individuals," which was carried by a majority of 197 to 85.—The sheriffs were then introduced, and asked if they had anything to say; they declined to speak, and retired. It was eventually decided that the sheriffs should again attend at the bar at four o'clock the next day.—Colonel Sibthorp asked the noble lord what would be the proposition he would make relative to the settlement of Prince Albert?—Lord J. Russell said that the income he meant to propose for Prince Albert was the sum of £50,000 a year; and in the event of his surviving her Majesty, the same sum to be secured to him for life.

Jan. 21.—Mr. Kelly presented a petition from each of the sheriffs of London.—Prince Albert's Naturalization Bill went through two stages.—The question of privilege then came on; and the committal of the sheriffs to the serjeant at arms, was carried by a majority of 195 to 94. The under-sheriff and the bailiff were discharged.—Mr. Howard was ordered to attend again the next day.

Jan. 22.—After some notices of motions, the privilege question was again resumed. Mr. Howard was called in, reprimanded, and discharged.—Prince Albert's Naturalization Bill was read a third time and passed.